

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Published Aug. 4, 1861. DRACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

Price 50 Cts. A Year in Advance. Whole Number 1000.

MARGARET.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. L. J. KITTENHOUSE.

When you passed me yesterday, Deigning not to look that way, Did you know that I was near, And with all your coldness, fear, Just to meet my earnest gaze, Lost some thought of other days Should defy you to forget What we have been, Margaret?

Did your memory like a dream, Bring before you then a gleam Of a farmhouse white and small; Where the brightest sunbeams fall; Where the woodbine clambered up, Holding many a dainty cup, Filled with luscious sweetmeats yet Than all others, Margaret?

Did you see the roses white, And the red ones, where our night, Neath the solemn light of stars, Shadows held us in their bars, And the soft winds floating by, Heard us vow—yes and no, That our love should never set, While life lasted, Margaret?

Are your hot house flowers as sweet As the ones that blossomed here? Do your prisoned birds ever sing Like the wild ones on the wing? Will your wealth and station pay For the true heart cast away? Does no wild remorse, regret, Prey upon you, Margaret?

Turn your head away in scorn, Rich in gold—no heart forlorn; Mingle with the heartless gay; Laugh and jest and merrily Through your mask of calm, cold pride, How your aching heart is tried; Yet through all life's tangled net, You shall love me, Margaret.

MY STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA M. JOHNSON.

The door had closed upon the last of our guests, and I stood looking idly down into the fire.

My aunt spoke from the depths of her armchair:

"That man will be my nephew."

"Which man, aunt?" I said, suddenly wheeling round and facing the door, as if expecting to see some person who had entered unawares.

"The man who has just left us."

"Oh! Mr. Claymore. And which of your numerous nieces do you intend honoring with this gentleman's hand?"

"None, my dear! You know that I have but one niece, and you know it is you I mean to marry this man."

"Really, aunt, this is very interesting and romantic, but I must object to being disposed of in this summary manner, however worthy the object and good your intention. I presume, from the manner in which you speak, you have had a prophetic vision, in which you saw the noble Mr. C. upon his knees claiming my hand, while you stood waiting to pronounce the 'Bless you, bless you, my children!' Very pretty, indeed, aunt, and very kind of you; but again I say I prefer ordering my own fate in this matter."

"And pray why do you object to Mr. Claymore? He is a fine-looking man."

"I have seen handsomer."

"He is noble."

"I know quite as good."

"He is attentive."

"Very awkward at putting on one's shawl."

"He is rich."

"So are others."

"He loved your father."

"No need to love the daughter."

"Upon my word, Jean, you are exceedingly provoking!" cried my aunt, leaning back in her chair, and frowning upon me. "Here you have a rare piece of fortune within your reach, and you turn your back upon it. You do not pretend to say you have not seen this all along, just as well as I? A man of more than ordinary worth shows you, day after day, by word, glance, and action, that he values you as a woman should be proud to be valued, and yet you prefer the society of men inferior in all respects."

"I have to confess my perverted taste, aunt, but as Mr. Claymore is evidently your ideal, why don't you marry him yourself?"

My aunt's inclination at this moment seemed to be to box my ears, but her reply was simply:

"Do be serious!"

"Well, then, to be serious, I think I'm over- young to marry yet; and while I admit many friendly attentions on the part of the gentleman to whom you allude, and hold him in the highest esteem, I think him a little too old, and a little too poor for me. Besides, I cannot say that I have

ever observed anything on his part indicating warmer feelings than those of friendship. I think, my sweet little aunt, you are mistaken in this matter."

"No," said my aunt, positively; "I am not mistaken. Knowing after all, that it has fallen to me to choose him while you were occupied with your studies and your career, in spite of his politeness and deference to my years, I could observe his attention wandering; and when you thoughtfully appealed to him in some trifling question, I have seen a sudden start and color which he could not conceal. My perceptive faculties are good, child; that man loves you as you will never be loved by any other. Take my advice, and do not slight him."

"Well," I said, yawning, "I think I will go to bed and dream about it; it may be all quite plain in the morning, just as my lessons used to come right when I put my books under my pillow, in my days of study."

I leaned over my aunt's chair for a good-night kiss, and looking into her eyes, I said:

"What do you think, aunt? You look not quite satisfied."

"I think," she replied, "you are very pretty and very silly."

"A flattering combination," I said, laughing. "Nevertheless, as you are so deeply interested in my future, I am entirely at your mercy, and cannot afford to quarrel with you; therefore, my best friend, good night!"

When I went to my room, I fell to musing upon what I had just heard. I own I surprised me. Here was a man who had been my father's friend, and had known me from my childhood; who had witnessed all my outbreaks of temper, and, in common with others, had been the victim of my petty whims as a spoiled child—suddenly turned into a lover. I wondered at it. It was something new, strange, and exciting. Heretofore I had never thought of love; I received the admiration and attention of many in the light, gay spirit of a girl just entering society. I never questioned whether, of all surrounding me, there was one whose presence was more looked for than another as yet. All was fresh and charming, and I flitted about idly, unmindful that there was bitter or sweet I must one day taste.

I glanced in my glass, and it said, as my aunt had said, "Very pretty." Yes, I was pretty, though after no particular type or style. A fresh, glowing face, with hazel eyes, and blooming lips, and brown hair that was rich and abundant. A figure tall and well developed, and a movement light and glancing.

I liked to be pretty, not for the sake of admiration, but because my nature sought and required all that was bright and fair. I was conscious of my beauty only to be happy in the possession of it. Strange as it may seem, I had felt no vanity in the thought that others might think me fair. Indeed, I had been indifferent as to whether I was considered so; but as I admired a flower, or any other lovely thing, so I could not help rejoicing that I possessed a beautiful face. But perhaps, for the first time in my life, I felt a little thrill of triumph in the thought that the glow of my cheeks and the light in my eyes might stir some heart. Might I say, And if what my aunt said were true—Heigh-ho! I said to myself lightly. "I suppose my time has come to look to these things."

I went to bed, and slept that sweet, dreamless sleep which comes to the young, happy, and healthy.

When we met at breakfast next morning, my aunt said not a word upon the subject which she had agitated, and having failed to dream upon it, I also was silent.

In the evening Mr. Claymore called, and, as it happened, was our only visitor.

During papa's lifetime he had spent much time at our house; and now it seemed only natural to see him; and if his visits grew more frequent, I had only attributed it to sympathy for us in our lonely condition, for we were comparative strangers in the town.

He had, indeed, proved himself worthy the high confidence papa had placed in him. In looking back now, I wonder how it would have been if we had not had his earnest sympathy, his untiring attention, and his true counsel.

My aunt sat knitting, and Mr. Claymore drew his chair near to her, as was his custom.

"I protest against my aunt's monopoly of your society every evening, Mr. Claymore," I said. "I insist that you be entertained by me, and me only, this evening."

"I gratefully accept the honor, Miss Jean, and more particularly as it is so rare."

My aunt looked sharply at me, but appearing quite unconscious, I glided into a light, easy conversation. My companion had assumed a new character, and I accordingly set myself to the study thereof. I well remembered, as a child, demanding his attention, and claiming his interest, in this same way; and how, for hours, he allowed himself to be led whither I would, by my childish talk.

"This reminds me of our old life at Brake-wood," I said in a pause in the conversation.

"Ah! what happy days those were; there can come no more such."

"No, and it is well that there cannot," replied Mr. Claymore. "Such enjoyment could no longer satisfy you."

"It has not been so long ago, that I can have changed so much. I am sure I am quite as much of a child as ever."

"In some things, granted, but in the main you are quite a different person in these few years. In fact, the change is occurring daily—say, momentarily, and, for this reason, is imperceptible. The ocean recedes, and leaves the beach, to all appearances, quite the same, but in reality every ebb and flow has had its effect in tending to that great change in formation which in years will surprise us all."

"What change, then, do you have you observed in me?" I asked.

"I observe, in the first place," said Mr. Claymore, looking intently at me, "that many of your old whims and caprices have been laid aside."

"Only to take up others," I interrupted; "go on."

He smiled.

"You have dropped your former pursuits and tastes."

"And taken to some more dangerous, though not the less delightful," I chimed in.

"Your mind is maturing, your heart is deepening, and you are fast approaching that age when your character will come forth moulded and colored according to the influences you are now receiving. Lastly, instead of the pretty child, you are now the beautiful woman."

"I am sorry my aunt has lost all this," I said lightly; for she had faded her delicate hands over her knitting and fallen asleep.

"You are a wonderfully close observer, Mr. Claymore, and I dare say you are quite correct; indeed I am sure already I feel the advancing steps of time, and anticipate the impression they will leave. In future, I will watch myself closely, it will be so common, and I shall be anxious to know how it offends. Ah, 'A hundred years to come!' I sighed, rising and going to the piano. Mr. Claymore came and stood beside me.

"I would scarcely dare venture upon one of my old songs," I said, laughing; "I am afraid I might not do it justice after all these many days."

"I beg you will," he said. Gathering up a handful of keys, I scattered them in the sweet notes of a favorite ballad.

On finishing I looked up and asked—"Do you find my voice also changed?"

"Yes," he said in a low tone, "it seemed never so sweet as to-night."

After this I sang no more, but broke into a gay, polka melody which awoke my aunt.

"Dear me," she said, "how stupid I have been to sleep; really, Mr. Claymore, I hope you will excuse me."

"Don't trouble yourself, aunt, Mr. Claymore was not aware that you had passed into the land of shadows and strange shapes till I called his attention to the fact. You lost an interesting conversation, however. When your eyes have become accustomed to the present light, I request you will look at your niece and say if you observe any change in her since you took your little sojourn in the land of sleep." Mr. Claymore looked amused.

"I observe a marked change since last night," said my aunt, significantly.

"A triumph for you, Mr. Claymore!" I cried, quite ignoring her meaning. "But I had almost forgotten Mrs. Lacey's party for to-morrow evening. Will you be at liberty to accompany us?"

"I am at your service," he replied; and after some more trifling conversation took leave. When he had gone I said, "Aunt, I am sleepy; and then catching her puzzled expression, I laughed outright.

"Now don't begin to scold. Last night you rated me for indifference; to-night, like a dutiful girl as I am, I have been interested and agreeable—what more would you have?"

"Ah, you are so trifling, Jean, you don't know what you are about."

"True," I replied, "this thing is yet new to me, and I may blunder a little at first, but I find it so pleasant that I am determined to persevere in the practice till I become proficient in the art."

"I see," she said, "I have simply aroused in you a spirit of coquetry; I now wish I had not mentioned the matter at all, but had left it for time to bring to light."

"I hope," I retorted with affected gravity, "I will not bring any discredit on your prematurely disclosed plans."

"Go to bed, child, go to bed," said she, tapping my cheek with her fan, and I left the room humming "Love's young dream."

Our means were limited, so it is not to be supposed my wardrobe afforded a great variety. Still, I did not trouble myself much about the matter of dress; a few serious-comic sighs were all I expended, when a party was announced, and a fresh dress wanted. I had the happy knack of being able to alter my appearance by a few touches; and an old garment was made to pass through an infinite variety and number of changes before it was discarded.

"Aunt," I said, "after a careful examination of the costly contents of my wardrobe, I have selected an India muslin; and now, as to the question of ornament."

"There are my pearls," said my aunt.

"I am too bright for pearls, they would be thrown away upon me; they belong to the fair, and more delicate style of beauty."

"Well, what about ribbons?"

"Ribbons are too stiff, I'll have none of them; I think I will wear flowers—yes, flowers it shall be."

When evening came, Mr. Claymore made his appearance before I had finished my toilet. "I wonder what he will think of my dress," I thought, as I fastened some flowers at the throat. "Now if it were Stanhope—he knows so well about these things."

I ran lightly down to the parlor, and sweeping a courtesy before the figure standing by the fire, I looked up to note the effect of my appearance. He started slightly, and bowed a mock return to my salutation; and then going to the table took from a vase a tiny bouquet of delicate flowers.

"How lovely! this is a beautiful improvement on the stiff, heavy things that generally rest in the hands like burdens. How could you so well guess my taste?"

"You will remember we discussed on flowers, among other subjects, in the days gone by."

"This man has a graceful memory," I thought; and I half forgave him that he said not a word about my taste."

It was a large and brilliant party, and we were almost the last arrivals. I was soon surrounded by my friends, Mr. Stanhope foremost among the number.

"How are you enjoying yourself?" I asked him.

"Oh, my enjoyment has been all in anticipation; I have been pleasantly occupied in awaiting your arrival. What a rare little bouquet you have, it is the gem of the evening; and allow me to say your dress forms the same charming contrast to the other dresses, that your flowers do to the other flowers. You will certainly be welcomed as a relief in the room; you will observe there is too much color and ornament. But there is the music for a while, let us float in the dreamy measure."

Stanhope was very handsome, and an agreeable companion, and moreover the best dancer in the room. I observed that not a few bright eyes followed us in the dance. For a while I lost sight of Mr. Claymore and my aunt, but afterward came upon them in the supper-room.

I was in brilliant spirits; mine was a nature to be colored by all scenes of gaiety in which I might move. In the midst of a gay conversation I said to Mr. Stanhope:

"Mr. Claymore thinks us very gay, I suppose."

"So we are," he laughed, looking across the room to where my aunt stood receiving her companion's attentions in her elegant, old-fashioned manner. "They are a handsome couple," he said; "what a pity your aunt is in the advanced ranks—they would make a noble match, I think. He is always very attentive to her, is he not?"

"Very!" I said, nibbling industriously at a bit of candied fruit to keep from laughing. "Mr. Claymore is my aunt's ideal of a good and great man. I think myself he is of royal stuff."

"He is certainly very mighty in his manner at times," returned Stanhope; "he can make a fellow feel confoundedly insignificant."

"Why, have you ever experienced any shrinking up in his presence?"

"Haven't I, though?" he laughed; "my stature would be considerably nobler this night if it were not for that man."

"Stanhope," said Mr. Lacey, coming up after a polka, "if you wish to save your companion from the enmity of several lovely ladies present, you will leave her, and engage yourself to some one else for the next dance. I can assure you, Miss Chance, things are beginning to look serious because of you two."

"Go, Mr. Stanhope," I said.

"Never!" he replied in a tragic voice.

Nevertheless I took Mr. Lacey's arm, and left him, nodding a smiling adieu. We crossed the room, to where my aunt, with several dowager-like ladies were standing.

"Jean, you have been dancing without rhyme or reason," said my aunt.

"Where is Claymore?" asked Mr. Lacey. "I intend giving this young lady into his care."

Mr. Claymore was a few yards in the distance, with a dark-eyed beauty in a purple, mist-like dress, hanging upon his arm.

"That is little Miss Clavel," said a dowager in blue brocade, following the direction of my eyes. "Dressed in fine taste, isn't she?—the night-shade in her hair suits her dark, dreamy-looking face, exactly."

I spent the remainder of the evening in a corner, devoting myself to the scrutiny of those about me. When we were hooded and cloaked for our departure, Stanhope rushed up hurriedly.

"What I have suffered for your sweet sake!" he broke forth.

"I am glad you have acquitted yourself so nobly," I replied, laughing.

"What is it all about?" asked Mr. Claymore.

"Oh, only this:—I danced with Miss Chance several times in succession, and Mrs. Grundy talked of the matter, and then we were cruelly separated, and I was obliged to do penance in the way of dancing and flirting with every single lady present."

"You appear to have borne it remarkably well."

"Ah, so you think, Claymore; but I am not a man to cry my griefs aloud."

On our way to the carriage, I accepted Mr. Stanhope's arm, though Mr. Claymore had offered his at the same time. I saw that the lat-

ter looked a little pained, while my own seemed visibly.

Though Mr. Claymore continued to visit us regularly, in spite of all my aunt had said, I could not observe any change in his manner toward me. He was very noble, and I did not fail to appreciate his good qualities, and I really enjoyed his society, but he had never declared his love, and if he had, I could not have returned it. My aunt said I was carrying on a flirtation with him and with Mr. Stanhope, and accordingly she attacked me on the subject in this wise:

"How long do you intend keeping up this state of affairs, Jean?"

"What state of affairs, aunt?"

"Don't profess ignorance—you know I mean your treatment of those two gentlemen."

"Really, aunt, I see nothing objectionable in my conduct; so long as they are disposed to be agreeable, I certainly cannot be otherwise."

"Well, to my mind you are simply amusing yourself."

"Why what would you have me do, aunt?"

"I would have you act consistently! I am sure Mr. Claymore is only kept from speaking by your uncertain manner."

"Then I will be more uncertain than ever, for I do not want him to speak; and I must tell you, aunt, you may forever give up your plan of making a match between us, for I do not love him, and never will."

My aunt was thoughtful a few moments, and then said:

"If you knew what you owed him—"

"Owe him! why I owe him respect and friendship, of course, and I give him both."

"My dear child, I am afraid you do not know what a friend Mr. Claymore has been to us. Are you aware that at your father's death we were left utterly penniless?"

I started, and stammered—

"What do you mean? How do we live?"

"Perhaps you should have known it before," said my aunt, "but Mr. Claymore thought it should be forever kept secret from you; only your conduct towards him has induced me to speak of this."

"After your mother's death, your father settled down at Brakewood, devoting himself to his books and you. His energy died with your mother, and he sank into a dreamer, living only in worlds created by writers. He appeared happy in his way, and never seemed to think that the child he so much loved, must one day make up for his lack of interest in life. I think he had some vague idea that you were to go through life free from all those vexations and cares which are common to all. Brakewood was his only property, and it was heavily mortgaged. I often remonstrated with him on his peculiar mode of life, but without effect. Living in such retirement, our wants were necessarily few, but even as it was, our household arrangements were very much straitened. When he became ill, his thoughts instantly reverted to the prospect before you. It was a few days before his death, when Mr. Claymore held a conversation with him, which relieved his mind. It was not till all was over, that I understood about it. Seeing your father's anxiety, Mr. Claymore had begged him to leave his affairs entirely in his hands. He said, in return for his long friendship, he wished to be allowed to care for us through our lives. He said his years and long standing acquaintance warranted his doing this, and that you should never know you were receiving anything at his hands. Your father consented, knowing the honor of the man in whom he reposed this peculiar trust; and at the same time begged me to consent for your sake. Do not blame me, child; you were too young, and had been too carefully reared, to be thrown suddenly upon the world. Mr. Claymore has acted all along so as to prevent your suspicions; indeed his delicacy throughout has been extreme. He said he dreaded your proud spirit would not brook this even from an old friend."

"He is right!" I broke in, passionately. "Oh, how cruelly you have deceived me, aunt! How could you have allowed this? I would rather have died than accepted this at any man's hands. And this has been your anxiety? and perhaps it is for this you would have me marry him. Truly, as you say, I owe him a debt—such a debt! I suppose he thinks he has a right to my favor, because of what he has done for me."

"Stop, stop!" cried my aunt. "I feared how it would be, but I cannot allow you to do him injustice; a more honorable man never lived. He never meant to take advantage of your love, and I am sure would rather forego it than sacrifice his principles. I hope you will look at it in the right light."

"I will," I replied firmly. "You meant well, aunt, but it was misjudged kindness—not worthy you nor me. I am glad, however, I now know all, so that we may redeem ourselves from the unworthy position we now occupy."

"What do you mean?" I asked my aunt.

"I mean that our present life must cease. I cannot consent to be fed and clothed by one upon whom I have no claim. Oh, how humiliating the thought! I am young and strong, and have sufficient education and spirit to earn my bread, as many better women have done. This day begins a new era in my existence. Mr. Claymore will perhaps call this evening, when I must see him."

My aunt would have remonstrated, but I would

Journal is given; and while I shall not

An official dispatch from General Grant announced that on Saturday morning about 4.30 o'clock the rebels made a sudden and strong assault upon Gen. Fisher's troops and captured Fort Fisher. A determined attack was also made upon Fort Mifflin, but was repulsed with great loss to the enemy. Our troops rallied and after a vigorous counter-attack were successful in retaking the fort. The rebels were then routed, with all the guns, two battle-flags belonging to the rebels, and about 2,700 prisoners. The loss of the enemy is believed to be estimated at 2,000, while our loss is not more than 200. Gen. Sherman, commanding Fort Mifflin, fell into the hands of the rebels.

Gen. Sherman's report having been received, N. C., on the 21st, with his slight opposition. Sherman's left was engaged with the enemy near Fort Fisher on Sunday, and the artillery firing was quite rapid during the day and for a short time on Monday morning. A portion of Sherman's forces met the enemy on Tuesday, at Fort Fisher, where they were engaged in a battle. The rebels were completely routed, and Sherman's forces were victorious. Sherman's forces have arrived at Wilmington.

Gen. Sherman's army is still at the White House, and the men are rapidly recovering from the fatigue of their recent brilliant victory. The greater portion of General Sherman's army is at Hunterville and Decatur, Ala., and Rapah, Mississippi. Pensacola, Fla., has been re-occupied by our forces.

A point less passed, worth seven hundred dollars, is to be seen in a Broadway store. It is a valuable find.

MARRIAGES.

On the 11th of Feb., in Frankford, Pa., by the Rev. Peter J. Con. Mr. J. W. Williams, of Philadelphia, N. Y., to Miss Mary A. Jones, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Benjamin T. Rice, of New York, to Miss Mary A. Jones, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Howard, Mr. William E. Whitcomb, of New York, to Miss Mary A. Jones, of Philadelphia.

On the 14th of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Robert F. Whitcomb, of New York, to Miss Mary A. Jones, of Philadelphia.

On the 15th of March, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. Robert F. Whitcomb, of New York, to Miss Mary A. Jones, of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

On the 11th of March, Mrs. CATHERINE B. BRIGHT, in her 82d year.

On the 12th of March, GEORGE F. HAYES, aged 58 years.

On the 13th of March, WILLIAM V. GARDNER, aged 58 years.

On the 14th of March, SAMUEL G. SON OF WM. and MARGARET DAVIS, in his 55th year.

On the 15th of March, CLARA, daughter of Marshall and Harriet S. Hill.

On the 16th of March, MARY, wife of Thomas C. Knight, and daughter of the late Wm. L. Johnson, aged 30 years.

On the 17th of March, JAMES L. LESTER, in his 50th year.

On the 18th of March, THOMAS F. SON OF JAMES and Maria Taylor, in his 55th year.

On the 19th of March, GEORGE HENRY, in his 67th year.

1865. CARD FOR NEW YEAR. 1865. EYRE & LANDELL. 1865. ESTABLISHED IN 1844.

We always adhere to good Goods, and depend on fair dealing for patronage.

GOOD STOCK OF SILK GOODS. GOOD STOCK OF DRESS GOODS. SILKS AND STAPLE GOODS.

WHEELER & WILSON'S HIGHEST PREMIUM LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

No. 33 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:

No. 3 Machine, with	
Plain Table	\$50
Half Case, Painted, Oiled Walnut	\$60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany	\$65
No. 2 Machine, with	
Waxed Black Walnut Table	\$60
Half Case, Painted, Oiled Walnut	\$70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany	\$75
Full Case, Painted, Black Walnut or Mahogany	\$80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany	\$85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers	\$90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers	\$95
No. 1 Machine, with	
Polished Table	\$70
Half Case, Oiled Walnut	\$80
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany	\$85
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany	\$90
Full Case, Painted, Black Walnut or Mahogany	\$95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany	\$100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers	\$105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers	\$110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

The number 3, plain table, (worth \$55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM FOR THE LADY'S FAIRNESS AND THE SATURDAY EVENING POST'S PROSPERITY. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON, 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

A WATCH FREE.

And \$10 to \$20 per day, made easy, selling our Latest Novelty, now creating such an immense sensation and extraordinary demand throughout the Army and Country. The Great, New, and Wonderful FINEST PORT-FOLIO Extra Large Size 7 by 8. Just Out. Each of which contains General Dollars' Worth of useful and Valuable Goods, PRIZES, &c. Price only 25 cents. Articles that soldiers and Families cannot do without. Thousands sold every day. Soldiers can give a Month's Pay in one day. Agents waited in every town, village and camp for this Standard Article. A splendid Gold or Silver Watch presented free as a premium to every Agent. This is the greatest money-making and surest business of the day. Profits very large. Sales rapid. We guarantee any agent \$15 per day. All goods forwarded, with premiums, some day the order is received. Catalogues, with wholesale prices and Premiums Indisputable, sent free.

B. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y., Sole Manufacturers Feb-12

AGENTS, COME AND EXAMINE

An invention urgently needed by everybody, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cents, which retail for \$1.00 each, by R. L. WO COTT, Feb-15 No 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Drs. BASSETT & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platinum, and Vulcanite, \$5 to \$10. Teeth fixed with Gold, Silver, and Bone Filling, \$2 to \$5. Repairing. References. Office, 243 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar-25

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE. Magnifying 500 times, mailed for \$50 Cents. Terms for \$1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 555, Boston, Mass.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIOUS WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES? My OUGHTY will send them to grow heavily in six weeks, upon the smoothest skin, without pain or injury to the skin. Price \$1.00 per bottle, sent by mail, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, 100 Nassau street, New York City.

GOVERNOR ALLEN, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, AND HIS FAMILY. A letter from Charleston in the Washington Republican says: "Governor Allen is one of the largest shareholders in the Washington Republican. He has reported the names of all his slaves, seven hundred and fifty in number, to the government of the United States, and has been paid a sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the spot, placed there on it, and all are well started in life. Such a deed deserves to be recorded."

A gentleman, praising the personal character of a very plain woman, in the presence of a friend, said: "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Every right, by the law of nature," replied the friend: "every right, as the first discoverer."

Fun is unpopular. Men with one idea are persecuted with a double meaning.

JAMES' "EMERALD IN PARIS" for imparting beauty and freshness to the complexion. The most wonderful skin remedy ever known. It is a small, white, round, and is especially endorsed by Miss Ventrail, Lucille Waters, Mrs. D. P. Rogers and many other ladies of beauty and talent. Sold by all Druggists. For more information, send for a circular. JAMES & BROS., Philadelphia, Pa. mar-15

EFFORTS OF THE GOLD FARM ON OIL PRODUCE.—It is not surprising that the general depression of prices caused by the rapid decline in gold during the past week, should have borne down with it the price of oil. There are now oil interests, however, that have not been perceptibly affected in this way, and numerous others in which the decline can be temporary or trifling. From their dividends, they have never yet touched anything approaching their real value. To the subscribers to the "Cameroon Petroleum Company," it is gratifying to learn that subscriptions have, if anything, been accelerated during the present week, while the substantial amount of shares being now and hereafter be equalled by other new loans, when it is fully probable that the "Cameroon" will take its place among the most popular and valuable stocks offered at the Bourse. We do not know how it can be otherwise. Over four hundred have already been given by the Company on the "Hoover Farm" alone, as a reward of one-half the oil. These, it is confidently believed, will produce for the Company's interest several hundred barrels of oil per day inside of three months from this date. In addition to this, an order has been given by the board to have the entire "Hoover Farm"—the five of which is owned by the Cameroon Company—converted into one hundred lots, each of five acres, and to be sold at a price of one-half the oil. When this is accomplished, as it will be before long, the value of Cameroon stock will largely be equalled by other new loans, and the public. And as the people begin to appreciate this fact, we are not surprised to find their orders pouring into the Treasurer's office. (Mr. E. G. Jones.) No oil will be sold at a time which must show the subscribers in a very few days. On the forty lots given on the "Hoover Farm," the work of sinking wells has in nearly every instance been commenced, so that the situation of affairs may be fully looked for within the next sixty days. We may also state that a well yielding about two hundred barrels per day has been struck within a few yards of the line of the "Hoover Farm," and the property of five acres, which Mr. Stewart, the President of the Cameroon Company, and within six months for the sum of five thousand dollars, and for which the sum of two hundred thousand dollars has been paid within the last few days. We mention this fact for the information of holders of the Cameroon stock, and as showing some indication of the advance in the value of the "Cameroon" stock, as seen in the books of the Company are closed. A word of great promise has also been struck recently on the "Cochran," which directly adjusts the "Hoover Farm."

The names of the gentlemen connected with this great oil enterprise, numbering as they do, in the subscription list, a large number of the most prominent public men in this and other States, are a sufficient guarantee that the "Cameroon" will take its place among the organizations that will live, and prosper, and will have passed into oblivion.

TO OUR CATHARTIC.—What is the Cathartic? It is a medicine composed of more than the membranes of the nose, throat, and bronchus, with fever, sneezing, cough, thirst, lameness, and loss of appetite, and sometimes an entire loss of taste, called a cathartic. It is called a cathartic because it is a chronic affection of the mucous membrane of the nostrils and throat. To cure above, add to half a pint of cold water ten drops of Dr. B. T. BARNETT'S CATHARTIC. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cure the disease in a few days. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cure the disease in a few days. It is a powerful cathartic, and will cure the disease in a few days.

B. T. BARNETT, Agent, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

THE NEW YORK CONGRASSMAN. The New York Congressman, who was elected to the Congress in 1864, and who was re-elected in 1866, and who was re-elected in 1868, and who was re-elected in 1870, and who was re-elected in 1872, and who was re-elected in 1874, and who was re-elected in 1876, and who was re-elected in 1878, and who was re-elected in 1880, and who was re-elected in 1882, and who was re-elected in 1884, and who was re-elected in 1886, and who was re-elected in 1888, and who was re-elected in 1890, and who was re-elected in 1892, and who was re-elected in 1894, and who was re-elected in 1896, and who was re-elected in 1898, and who was re-elected in 1900, and who was re-elected in 1902, and who was re-elected in 1904, and who was re-elected in 1906, and who was re-elected in 1908, and who was re-elected in 1910, and who was re-elected in 1912, and who was re-elected in 1914, and who was re-elected in 1916, and who was re-elected in 1918, and who was re-elected in 1920, and who was re-elected in 1922, and who was re-elected in 1924, and who was re-elected in 1926, and who was re-elected in 1928, and who was re-elected in 1930, and who was re-elected in 1932, and who was re-elected in 1934, and who was re-elected in 1936, and who was re-elected in 1938, and who was re-elected in 1940, and who was re-elected in 1942, and who was re-elected in 1944, and who was re-elected in 1946, and who was re-elected in 1948, and who was re-elected in 1950, and who was re-elected in 1952, and who was re-elected in 1954, and who was re-elected in 1956, and who was re-elected in 1958, and who was re-elected in 1960, and who was re-elected in 1962, and who was re-elected in 1964, and who was re-elected in 1966, and who was re-elected in 1968, and who was re-elected in 1970, and who was re-elected in 1972, and who was re-elected in 1974, and who was re-elected in 1976, and who was re-elected in 1978, and who was re-elected in 1980, and who was re-elected in 1982, and who was re-elected in 1984, and who was re-elected in 1986, and who was re-elected in 1988, and who was re-elected in 1990, and who was re-elected in 1992, and who was re-elected in 1994, and who was re-elected in 1996, and who was re-elected in 1998, and who was re-elected in 2000, and who was re-elected in 2002, and who was re-elected in 2004, and who was re-elected in 2006, and who was re-elected in 2008, and who was re-elected in 2010, and who was re-elected in 2012, and who was re-elected in 2014, and who was re-elected in 2016, and who was re-elected in 2018, and who was re-elected in 2020, and who was re-elected in 2022, and who was re-elected in 2024, and who was re-elected in 2026, and who was re-elected in 2028, and who was re-elected in 2030, and who was re-elected in 2032, and who was re-elected in 2034, and who was re-elected in 2036, and who was re-elected in 2038, and who was re-elected in 2040, and who was re-elected in 2042, and who was re-elected in 2044, and who was re-elected in 2046, and who was re-elected in 2048, and who was re-elected in 2050, and who was re-elected in 2052, and who was re-elected in 2054, and who was re-elected in 2056, and who was re-elected in 2058, and who was re-elected in 2060, and who was re-elected in 2062, and who was re-elected in 2064, and who was re-elected in 2066, and who was re-elected in 2068, and who was re-elected in 2070, and who was re-elected in 2072, and who was re-elected in 2074, and who was re-elected in 2076, and who was re-elected in 2078, and who was re-elected in 2080, and who was re-elected in 2082, and who was re-elected in 2084, and who was re-elected in 2086, and who was re-elected in 2088, and who was re-elected in 2090, and who was re-elected in 2092, and who was re-elected in 2094, and who was re-elected in 2096, and who was re-elected in 2098, and who was re-elected in 2100, and who was re-elected in 2102, and who was re-elected in 2104, and who was re-elected in 2106, and who was re-elected in 2108, and who was re-elected in 2110, and who was re-elected in 2112, and who was re-elected in 2114, and who was re-elected in 2116, and who was re-elected in 2118, and who was re-elected in 2120, and who was re-elected in 2122, and who was re-elected in 2124, and who was re-elected in 2126, and who was re-elected in 2128, and who was re-elected in 2130, and who was re-elected in 2132, and who was re-elected in 2134, and who was re-elected in 2136, and who was re-elected in 2138, and who was re-elected in 2140, and who was re-elected in 2142, and who was re-elected in 2144, and who was re-elected in 2146, and who was re-elected in 2148, and who was re-elected in 2150, and who was re-elected in 2152, and who was re-elected in 2154, and who was re-elected in 2156, and who was re-elected in 2158, and who was re-elected in 2160, and who was re-elected in 2162, and who was re-elected in 2164, and who was re-elected in 2166, and who was re-elected in 2168, and who was re-elected in 2170, and who was re-elected in 2172, and who was re-elected in 2174, and who was re-elected in 2176, and who was re-elected in 2178, and who was re-elected in 2180, and who was re-elected in 2182, and who was re-elected in 2184, and who was re-elected in 2186, and who was re-elected in 2188, and who was re-elected in 2190, and who was re-elected in 2192, and who was re-elected in 2194, and who was re-elected in 2196, and who was re-elected in 2198, and who was re-elected in 2200, and who was re-elected in 2202, and who was re-elected in 2204, and who was re-elected in 2206, and who was re-elected in 2208, and who was re-elected in 2210, and who was re-elected in 2212, and who was re-elected in 2214, and who was re-elected in 2216, and who was re-elected in 2218, and who was re-elected in 2220, and who was re-elected in 2222, and who was re-elected in 2224, and who was re-elected in 2226, and who was re-elected in 2228, and who was re-elected in 2230, and who was re-elected in 2232, and who was re-elected in 2234, and who was re-elected in 2236, and who was re-elected in 2238, and who was re-elected in 2240, and who was re-elected in 2242, and who was re-elected in 2244, and who was re-elected in 2246, and who was re-elected in 2248, and who was re-elected in 2250, and who was re-elected in 2252, and who was re-elected in 2254, and who was re-elected in 2256, and who was re-elected in 2258, and who was re-elected in 2260, and who was re-elected in 2262, and who was re-elected in 2264, and who was re-elected in 2266, and who was re-elected in 2268, and who was re-elected in 2270, and who was re-elected in 2272, and who was re-elected in 2274, and who was re-elected in 2276, and who was re-elected in 2278, and who was re-elected in 2280, and who was re-elected in 2282, and who was re-elected in 2284, and who was re-elected in 2286, and who was re-elected in 2288, and who was re-elected in 2290, and who was re-elected in 2292, and who was re-elected in 2294, and who was re-elected in 2296, and who was re-elected in 2298, and who was re-elected in 2300, and who was re-elected in 2302, and who was re-elected in 2304, and who was re-elected in 2306, and who was re-elected in 2308, and who was re-elected in 2310, and who was re-elected in 2312, and who was re-elected in 2314, and who was re-elected in 2316, and who was re-elected in 2318, and who was re-elected in 2320, and who was re-elected in 2322, and who was re-elected in 2324, and who was re-elected in 2326, and who was re-elected in 2328, and who was re-elected in 2330, and who was re-elected in 2332, and who was re-elected in 2334, and who was re-elected in 2336, and who was re-elected in 2338, and who was re-elected in 2340, and who was re-elected in 2342, and who was re-elected in 2344, and who was re-elected in 2346, and who was re-elected in 2348, and who was re-elected in 2350, and who was re-elected in 2352, and who was re-elected in 2354, and who was re-elected in 2356, and who was re-elected in 2358, and who was re-elected in 2360, and who was re-elected in 2362, and who was re-elected in 2364, and who was re-elected in 2366, and who was re-elected in 2368, and who was re-elected in 2370, and who was re-elected in 2372, and who was re-elected in 2374, and who was re-elected in 2376, and who was re-elected in 2378, and who was re-elected in 2380, and who was re-elected in 2382, and who was re-elected in 2384, and who was re-elected in 2386, and who was re-elected in 2388, and who was re-elected in 2390, and who was re-elected in 2392, and who was re-elected in 2394, and who was re-elected in 2396, and who was re-elected in 2398, and who was re-elected in 2400, and who was re-elected in 2402, and who was re-elected in 2404, and who was re-elected in 2406, and who was re-elected in 2408, and who was re-elected in 2410, and who was re-elected in 2412, and who was re-elected in 2414, and who was re-elected in 2416, and who was re-elected in 2418, and who was re-elected in 2420, and who was re-elected in 2422, and who was re-elected in 2424, and who was re-elected in 2426, and who was re-elected in 2428, and who was re-elected in 2430, and who was re-elected in 2432, and who was re-elected in 2434, and who was re-elected in 2436, and who was re-elected in 2438, and who was re-elected in 2440, and who

have a triangular notch cut in them, so that they touch the axle at two points only. These notches

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEATH DANCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LUNCHEON AT LOWDOWN.

There was a sweet, other evidence in the room after Frank Burgoyne took his leave of them that morning. It rose and fell with more poise than before, for Lily had that the pretty woman who was living temperately with him liked him better than the interruption, though the interruption had come in a gainful enough to have won his forgiveness from almost any woman out of every land. There was a dulcet melody in this: Kate had been very jealous for once without design, the fact being that very young man did not interest her, she having the sense never to forget that she was thirty, and to leave rather than be left.

"I suppose it is time to go in and look for your husband and luncheon; it's nearly one o'clock," Mr. Linley remarked, looking at his watch.

"I suppose it is: it is always time to go and do something else when one would rather not, I observe, in this abominable world."

"The world is as good as any we shall ever know anything about, I repeat."

"Probably; nevertheless I should like it to be all sitting in cushions that have no scorch in them, and being made to feel that that is enough. I have not thought once of what is to follow while I have been sitting here, and now I am reminded by hearing that I must rise up and go in." Then she rose up, gathering her shawl around her as if she indeed felt that she was going out of the sunbath into chill life again, and adding, "Pious exercises always make my husband very hungry. I observe; don't let us keep him waiting." She went in, and the poem was at an end.

The call came off, and the invitation to luncheon at Lowdown on the Tuesday was given and accepted. There was not the shadow of embarrassment on Mrs. Galton's part at this her first meeting with Theo since Theo had been so honored, as she deemed it, by Harold's choice of her—so disgraced by his defection. Theo had never before to bear a sympathetic word or look, for she judged it impossible that such a thing as had been her could be passed over as though it had never been, by one who had known of its occurrence. But the event proved that she had argued herself against nothing, for neither the sympathetic word nor look was given. Mrs. Galton rather desired to sink the subject of Theo's wrongs, out of no special love or consideration for Theo, but because a recognition of Theo's wrongs would have been an acknowledgment of Harold French having been more serious in the matter than she even now liked to believe he had been.

"You are not looking half as well as when you were staying in London with me, Theo."

"She looks better than she did when she came down," Mrs. Vaughan regarded the remark resentfully, as a slur on her hospitality.

"She came looking a little."

"It is the Bradford air that disagrees with you, I conclude."

"The Bradford air is good enough; it's not the air that disagrees with me at Bradford, is it, Theo?" Sydney struck in.

Sydney had not played a prominent part in the conversation yet, and it occurred to her that unless she were prompt she might miss an opportunity of telling a stranger how sorely she was tried, and what general injustice was done her at Bradford.

"I'm very well. It's my way not to look in quite such rude health in the autumn as I do at other times," Theo answered, unconsciously spoiling Sydney's golden opportunity, and averting the song of Miss Scott's injuries and independent resentment of them.

"When I was young I had sense enough myself not to go about looking moody and melancholy; and if I had not had the sense myself, my parents would have drilled it into me; but now-a-days—"

Mrs. Vaughan stopped and shook her head nervously, and Mrs. Galton asked:

"Yes—what?"

"Why, now-a-days girls are so inconsiderate—so utterly inconsiderate, I will and must call it—as to ruin all chance of establishing themselves, by going about with a downcast, moody air, as if they had known all the woes of the world. There's Theo now—I speak to you as a friend, Mrs. Galton." (Mrs. Vaughan frequently spoke as a friend to utter strangers, to the dismay of those who dwell in the tents with her.) "Who would think Theo a mere child both in years and experience, to see her? Never known a care, never known a sorrow, in her life. My dear brother has sheltered her like an exotic, and this is how she rewards him. Oh! I have no patience with it!—no patience with it!"

Mrs. Vaughan had had small patience with all things since Frank Burgoyne had cracked nuts for Sydney; none at all with Theo's pallor and occasional depression.

"I am very sorry that I don't look as I ought to look, Aunt Abby," Theo replied.

The reprehensible pallor had given way to a scarlet flush at Mrs. Vaughan's declaration to Kate, to Kate who knew better, to Kate who knew all about it, that she (Theo) had never known a care or sorrow in her life, and that she had been tended like an exotic.

"I must say good-by now," Kate said, rising. "I can only hope that the bloom requisite for Theo's establishment will come back when the autumn is over. We shall see you to-morrow at two, then? There will be a cavalier for you, Theo—an interesting one, with his arm in a sling and melancholy in his eyes."

"Oh! Frank Burgoyne, do you mean?" Sydney asked with animation.

"Yes, I mean Mr. Burgoyne," Mrs. Galton replied sweetly, but through all the sweetness she contrived to make a tone of amused surprise run at Miss Scott calling him "Frank Burgoyne." Sydney detected that tone instantly, and felt keenly that it would impart a rich flavor to the story when Mrs. Galton should tell it to the man now spoken about.

Need I say that after this Miss Scott lavished no great amount of good feeling on the pretty woman who was always in such full possession of her senses, that she never lapsed into Christian-naming mood, however intimately she might think of them.

In addition to the car to which the lady pony belonged, the Vaughans kept a hooded box upon four wheels, known in the village as "our carriage." Theo had viewed it surreptitiously through the half-open doors of the chaise-house on two or three occasions, but she had never ventured upon a close inspection of it, on account of a holy remembrance she had of her aunt having made a statement of indiscretion to all stable lads on the part of young ladies.

This day, however, on which they were to go to luncheon at Lowdown, Theo made its nearest acquaintance, and she was able to confess, after a five miles drive in it, that creeping over in the car would have been preferable to this state of things, upon which Mrs. Vaughan had insisted. Mrs. Vaughan was a staunch advocate for etiquette, but therefore she had desired that Theo should occupy the seat of the lady with her back to the horse, while Miss Scott, the stranger, had the place of honor by her (Mrs. Vaughan's) side.

Being seated with her back to the horse would, under ordinary circumstances, have been a light evil to Theo. But the circumstances were extraordinary, so to say, for it was a gala day, and on gala-days Mrs. Vaughan belonged to what she called her "very best cap."

Throughout their wedding dinner Mr. Vaughan had been at what appeared to him as hideously short intervals, of his wife's "best cap," and he hated it with a hatred that was dangerous in its intensity for as good a man. It had been there in his flesh and a middle on his legs during the earlier and less prosperous portion of his career, for he had frequently been compelled to carry it in a box that resembled an ark for weary miles when they were going to those convivial gatherings upon tea-parties. Such days were over for the Reverend Thomas now, and he no longer trudged out to tea with Mrs. Vaughan's prodigious best cap in his hand. But he had remembered those sufferings which he had borne with such exemplary fortitude, and the sight of the ark-like box was odious to him.

It was specially odious on this occasion, for Mrs. Vaughan had declared that "it would ride comfortably for Mrs. Vaughan and Theo, if they would only sit as close to their respective sides of the carriage as they could." Which they did accordingly, and then had the box wedged in tightly between them, where it rode comfortably at the cost of considerable personal inconvenience to them both, but that was nothing to "the annoyance of not having a cap to put on your head when you get to a place," as Mrs. Vaughan observed.

They found their host, together with the Galtons and Frank and Ethel Burgoyne, in a room in the sitting-up of which they saw at once the signs of things had been decided. It was the perfection of propriety as the chief room in a shooting-box, and for all that, women looked thoroughly in their places in it.

It was a long, low, leather-windowed room, with a broad rather crossing the length of the ceiling, in which he received them. To have removed that rather, whose normal condition it was to look heavy and burlesque, would have been impossible. To utilize and make it conducive to the beautifying of the room had been Mrs. Linley's task as soon as she came to Lowdown. It was very ornamental now, that formerly obnoxious rather, for it was of oak, and he had had it polished, and its grain brought out, and a substantial line of gold binding placed along it on either side. Above all, nailed to its centre were two pairs of antlers, and from these antlers trailed long sweeping plants that hung down low, and then turned up again abruptly in a most extraordinary way, and that took their rise in tiny pots that nestled between the horns.

The fashion of the furniture, too, was extraordinary—as extraordinary as this gamey and floral combination which I have described. The material covered of the chairs, for it was of the skins and horns of animals: the shape carved of a Sybarite.

The flocks of tigers started at you, and the claws of bears looked ready to catch and bug, and the fangs of one grand lion grinned at you, from the backs and tops of chairs and couches. When you turned these round you found soft seats of delight, elastic, warm, and cozy, and the wild sports of the field and forest that they had suggested vanished from your mind.

A pleasant room, with an atmosphere that was agreeable to breathe, for there was a fire in the grate—a bright, leaping little fire, that threw out no more heat than could be well endured in October—and the windows were open for the free admission of the rarified autumn air. A wide door at the end was open also, showing them the luncheon they had been invited to eat, laid out on a large round table, sparkling and bright with glass and silver, brilliant with October fruits and flowers.

"Shall we go into the other room? I believe we are all here: there is no one else to wait for, is there?" Mrs. Galton said, after a few minutes had elapsed, during which few minutes Mrs. Vaughan had been suffering agonies of uncertainty and qualms of doubt as to whether her cap-box had been brought in, and whether she was to be invited up-stairs to adjust it properly or not.

"No, we have no one to wait for. No probability of French coming, I suppose?" Mr. Linley asked carelessly, turning to Frank Burgoyne.

"None at all—that is, I fancy he is engaged with Lord Leaborough," Frank answered, and Theo saw that he glanced uneasily at her as he spoke.

Mrs. Galton rose, and led the way into the dining-room, and Mrs. Vaughan was fain to follow, with her bonnet on.

"It's rather singular," Mrs. Galton began, in an explanatory tone when they were seated, "a cousin of mine, Harold French, has come down to stay at Maddington."

"Oh! indeed?" (Mrs. Vaughan was but indifferently interested in the cousin of a woman who had shown such lack of consideration for her comfort and her cap.) "Oh! indeed! Harold French?"

"Yes; such a nice fellow. I wish he could have come to-day, don't you, John? He would have been quite an acquisition, wouldn't he?" Mrs. Galton addressed Theo this time, and glanced at her from between half-closed lids in a way that Theo found very hard to bear.

"He would," she said. She had been shocked by the abrupt announcement of his being in her vicinity, but she felt that it was intended to be a shock to her, therefore she resolved to make the signs of his being so few and little visible as possible. In such a case it is surely pardonable to deceive observant friends.

"Ah! to be sure, Theo knows him," Ethel Burgoyne observed, in an innocent tone. "He's a great friend of yours, isn't he, Theo? I forgot to tell him this morning that you were here."

"I never heard Theo speak of him," Mrs. Vaughan struck in, with prompt indignation; "why didn't you tell me you knew him, child? I hate—"

she was going to add that "she hated such city ways," but the Burgoyne alliance should never be mentioned by her. Frank might reveal at any time what she had said.

"There was no occasion to speak of him, and more than of any other man whom I have known and you have not."

Then she seated next to her host.

"Let me give you some Chablis with your oysters," he said; then he went on in a lower tone, "Severely said, Theo: you have known him, and, knowing him, feel that there is 'no occasion' to speak of him again."

"I did not mean that at all, Mr. Linley," she said, and he raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders, as though he would say, "If she would be indifferent, well?"

"What didn't you mean at all, Theo?" Mrs. Vaughan asked, sharply. There was an element introduced into the conversation that was beyond her comprehension, and she being compelled to cut in her bonnet always, "modified her," as she expressed it. "See, I hit where I dare," is a principle that is frequently acted upon. Mrs. Vaughan, under the influence of wrath, felt that it behooved her to be rigorous as to Theo's meaning and manners.

"I didn't at all mean that Mr. French was not worth speaking about," Theo answered.

"And who (pray, Mr. Vaughan, allow me to say a word to my own niece without trying to put me down with such looks,) thought you did mean it?"

"Mr. Linley thought so, and it's not at all what I meant." Theo was nearly choking with wrath now, for Linley was smiling (derisively she thought), and Kate gazing at her with admirably portrayed astonishment.

"I am sure my cousin would be very much obliged to you," Mrs. Galton said, coldly. Then she murmured in a low voice to Frank and Ethel Burgoyne who were seated near to her, "Heaven preserve me from friends who tilt at windmills on my behalf."

"It did seem rather uncalled for—unless there's more in it than I know of," Ethel Burgoyne replied, looking at Theo curiously.

Then Mrs. Galton played with her rings, and said:

"Theo Leigh is rather imaginative, you know, and imagination often leads people astray; I don't mention this about some to Harold, please; I should be sorry that he should know what a little fool she makes of herself."

"Was it his wife,—that Mr. Harold French's wife,—you were going over to Rockhath Park once to see, Mr. Linley?" Sydney Scott asked. Miss Sydney had been slightly in the background for a short time, and she hated being there; she came to the front again most effectively.

"His wife?" Ethel Burgoyne exclaimed, "his what?"

"Shall I betray him?" Linley shot these words in a low whisper at Theo, and she saw that Frank Burgoyne was watching her.

"Not now," poor Theo answered, and almost before the echo of her own words had died away she heard Linley say—

"My dear Miss Scott, I little thought that spoken words of mine so dwelt in your mind. This Mrs. Harold French is the wife of the man I knew long ago, Mrs. Galton, the man I thought your cousin might be when I heard his name first this year," he continued, addressing Kate.

"Oh! I see," Kate replied, and from Kate's tone Theo knew that she too was ignorant of what had been the barrier between herself and Harold French.

Theo was longing ardently that Harold French might tell the truth concerning himself to his possible benefactor, but she did not desire that anyone else should tell it: she trembled indeed with a sick pain at such a contingency. So now it began to afflict her sorely, this doubt she had as to whether Frank Burgoyne knew all about Harold or not. If he did know it, what motive had he for keeping silence with his grandfather? And if he did not know it, what motive had he for gazing at her curiously, as he had done from the first? She could but think he knew it, she could but fear he knew it; and if so, what must he, so frank, so honest himself, think of Harold French?

This statement of Harold French being in the neighborhood appeared to cast a something that was partly gloom and partly restraint over the little party. The spirits of all flagged at that luncheon-table, though it was a round one, and no one person was isolated from another. Mr. Linley took Theo at her word—he did not betray the secret of Harold French having a wife to the Burgoyne, but he made her feel that it was a mean thing to have pleaded for that protecting silence, and that Harold French was a something meaner still to need it. Over and over again as she sat there trying to partake with appetite of those viands for which the oysters and Chablis were intended to give her a zest, did she say to herself with a quailing heart—"O, Harold, why won't you tell all, and lose all, and let the world say the worst?"

That there was gloom and constraint over all things was visible enough to others besides Theo. Kate was annoyed by what had passed relative to Harold French. She was annoyed at Harold French's having elected to stay at Maddington, instead of having come on to Lowdown to see her. She was annoyed with Linley for having addressed Theo in tones too low for her (Kate) to have caught the sense of them several times. Above all she was annoyed at the prospect that loomed before her, of having to entertain Mrs. Vaughan for so long a period as that estimable matron might choose to remain there. For Theo was palpably now—for some reason or other that remained a secret to Kate—absorbed with Linley. And Frank Burgoyne would probably devote himself to Sydney, when the ice of reserve that was over all just now should be a little thinner. The gentlemen remaining would be her own husband and excellent Mr. Vaughan alone, and neither excellent Mr. Vaughan nor her husband had been in the list of her panaceas for the woe of this luncheon, when the obligation of presiding over it had been finally thrust upon her.

As for Sydney Scott, she was laboring under a sense of most cruel injustice. That sitting episode and two or three brief chance meetings since it, had made her very intimate with Frank Burgoyne. He had shown himself willing to come round entirely from the side of her friend Theo to her own. He had paid her many compliments, buttoned many refractory gloves in her service, and been generally devoted to her, in a way that had made her remember keenly that he was Lord Leaborough's heir. She knew by experience what these long hours in a shooting-box, with a luncheon as an excuse for them, are almost sure to bring forth. She had gone with high hopes, she had gone prepared for anything save finding Frank Burgoyne distraught to the

degree of being more on the alert when Mrs. Galton spoke, than when she, Sydney Scott, uttered notes that but the other day he had seemed to think were dulcet.

Frank Burgoyne was distraught, horribly so, and horribly conscious of being so. Mrs. Galton was no fairer, no sweeter, no softer, or more unobtrusive than were dozens of women whom he had known, and who had smiled on and been forgiven by him. But she would not smile upon him; or at least she would not smile upon him particularly; nor would she particularly refuse from doing so. She would not see clearly that he was no more to her than another, that she considered him rather young—that she scarcely thought of him at all, in fact. So Frank Burgoyne, being unconvinced to such a light regard from any woman about whom he thought in all, seated in spirit, and was distraught in manner as he sat at Mrs. Galton's side, and Mrs. Galton's eyes were turned away from him languidly. He was convinced that "these two girls had little in them," in comparison to this delicate woman with the material husband. He began to wonder why she had married the honest-hearted gentleman, who was obviously unable to reach the heights of regarding her in the dim religious light of circumstance that he (Frank) was showering around her. He questioned whether this "lure of his boyhood," as he had once called Harold French, had been an active agent in the creation of that air of gentle seductiveness that hung about her. He marvelled whether or not she had children, and if she had, were they that "air" to her that the "something dearest" should be to such a woman? In short he thought about her more perhaps than he should have thought of his neighbor's wife, and, not being violent, he was sorry for it.

Sorry for it, and ashamed of it, though there had been no guilt in those thoughts. Still he was ashamed when he looked at John Galton's honest face, and Kate's apparently pure brow. There was all the comeliness of the married woman about her in Frank's eyes; spoiled and petted as he had been by women all his life, he had never learnt to think of them, for Ethel he knew to be pure and good, and Ethel was a sister to him; all the weaknesses that she had, he knew.

So he turned himself resolutely from Kate as he sat, and found that the pretty girl whose glove he had buttoned and whose turn he had chafed, he had not so far to reach all thoughts of Mrs. Galton, even for those few short hours. Then once more he told himself that "there was more in Theo," and subsided into his old friendly relations with Miss Leigh, who responded to him half deprecatingly, as to one who was very generous, or very much deceived.

The shadows of dissatisfaction deepened when they rose from the table at last. For the first time Theo was pausing to gain private speech of Linley, and Linley apparently had no design that she should do so. Instead of offering the party to drift asunder and divide into pleasant knots of two, or more, he collected it together in the room they were received in first, and installed himself in their midst, in a way that did away with all hope of anyone's gaining private speech of him. Then, even as her aunt raged in her soul at being compelled to sit in her bonnet with a full knowledge of her best cap being up-stairs, did Theo rage at not being able to speak to him, to have it out with him, about Harold French and Harold French's wife.

She longed to tell him that she could bear it all as it was, and to put it to his manliness not to make it unbearable by speaking of it till Harold French deemed the time ripe to speak of it himself. "Till Harold deemed the time ripe," she would put no harsher construction on his reticence than that, even to herself. When he deemed the time ripe he would cease to live this life, and be the candid gentleman she so hardly, so vainly, sometimes strove to think him.

CHAPTER XXVII.
AFTER LUNCHEON AT LOWDOWN.

Had he come there unwittingly? or had he known of her being there, and come, hoping to see her again, without apparent design? She had not questioned thus when the note of his arrival had been first sounded, for all her thoughts had been of him then. But that first flush of excitement was over, and she was standing now at a window in the drawing-room, rather apart from the rest, asking that question keenly—asking it with an anxiety she could not subdue.

The dread that she had about him! There would be danger in meeting him, and danger in evading him, danger and pain. She could not foresee anything but discomfort arising from this combination, and when she thought of how it might strike her father, she felt pitifully helpless and uncertain how to act.

If he had come knowing that she was there, and designing to see her, he had erred, in that he had been guilty of something underhand. She could not bear to think this of him; she put the fear of it away from her resolutely, and told herself that he had come in ignorance, and that he would go to-morrow perhaps, and spare her the pain a meeting here, a meeting now, must cost her. She looked up, disturbed by a slight sound, and she saw that Frank Burgoyne had come over, and was standing by her side.

"French did not know you were here, Miss Theo, till Ethel told him this morning," he said, and Theo drew a breath of relief that was a half sigh, and replied:

"You say so—you mean it?"

"I do, indeed. I would have affirmed it before this, and more solemnly, had I known that you attached such importance to it."

"I do attach importance to it, Mr. Burgoyne, and I think you know why," she said, quickly. She was longing to test his knowledge to the utmost; she was capable of ruthlessly probing her wound for the sake of finding out whether or not Frank Burgoyne was wholly in Mr. Linley's confidence.

He blushed more than the girl before him as she spoke, he knew well how this must pain her, and he was so sorry for her pain.

"Do forgive me," he murmured, earnestly; "I had no right to broach the subject; but I do know enough, Theo, to make me feel sure that the assurance of the truth, the assurance that Mr. French did not know you were here, would be agreeable to you."

"Then you know that I—"

she stopped, half choked for an instant, and the blood rushed up in a flood to her brow. "Then you know that I—thought myself engaged to him once?" she went on, in a voice that she strained so hardly to steady, that Frank felt more than pity for her.

"I know that he was engaged to you, and

philosophers arguing that the smaller the sun-
beam of content, the less the fiction.

The body of the cart is an affair not easily
wrecked; perhaps a little less ponderous than
the frame of an old-fashioned car-mill, and being
subsequently covered, would afford comfortable
and rather commodious quarters for a moderate
sized family.

One of these vast machines drawn by the pair
of oxen, and together by the horse, and attached
to the vehicle by stout chains of red-lead, is a
rather formidable appearing object for one un-
accustomed to such contrivances, to start in the
country or drive. And then as it is never pressed,
such hideous are its shrieks and trailing cries
as it is dragged along.

A more primitive mode of conveyance is often
improved by the latter Brazilian, who have
several articles of traffic which he wishes to
dispose of at a market town perhaps three
leagues distant; lays hold of the heaviest dry
bullock's hide among his stock, and placing it
hair side downwards upon the ground, he leads
it with such yokes as he would transport to
market, and often adds to the yoke his wife
and perhaps three or four juvenile members of
his family.

Then, mounting one end of a stout lance to the
nose of the hide, he secures the other to the
point of his high-peaked Spanish saddle, and
mounts his horse and gallops gaily away to
market, trailing at the distance of several
yards behind him his novel vehicle, which glides
over the ground almost as lightly as a skate
over ice.

Not always, however, does the comparatively
bring his cargo into port intact. Indeed he sometimes
comes in "flying high," as sailors say. I
have seen a rustic cavalier dashed by frequent
inhibitions from his flank of coast, come dash-
ing into town, at a furious gallop, running away
at some mule's ear, and his rear-side all
divorced of every sort of lading, sailing along
clear from the ground, behind him; screeching
and sweeping from side to side like an ill-bal-
anced kite run away. He has unconsciously
scattered by the wayside not only his stock in
trade; but perhaps a wife and some half a dozen
muleskins.

In all the cities and larger towns of Brazil,
the sedan or sedan chair is still in common use.
These are very comfortable, exclusive, and at
the same time not an extravagant method of
taking a ride; as one may be borne a league on
the shoulders of two brawny negro bearers, for
himself, just the price of a ride in one of our
city passenger cars. Besides you are covered
from observation, sheltered from sunbath and
storm, are never crowded, and can always
lounges at perfect ease. In short a sedan is a
decidedly comfortable conveyance for a brief
journey.

The travelling rule throughout the empire,
where there is no extraordinary luggage or mar-
chandize to be transported, is to journey on
horseback; and as there are no more accom-
plished equestrians anywhere in the world than
the Brazilian cavaliers, both male and female,
they think as little of setting out on horseback
for a social visit to friends or relatives living a
hundred miles distant, as we, in the United
States, would of performing that distance by the
"express train."

Travelling wide pampas, wading rapid streams,
scampering through leagues of uninhabited
forests, scrambling over rugged sierras, sleeping
in the open air, and dining in the saddle, are
the incidents of Brazilian travel too commonplace for
comment.

The Brazilian woman of the interior always
uses two stirrups to her saddle, and is in-
variably a fearless, dashing rider, managing her
fiery, half-tamed steed with consummate skill;
and as she is usually an expert with knife and
lasso, there are few indeed of the ordinary vi-
cissitudes of travel that she is not well qualified
to encounter. In many a "halter-scorcher" hunt,
or rough day's march, I have ever found the
petticoated portion of our cavaliers the last to
complain of fatigue or shrink from danger.

In all such jaunts the cavaliers are accom-
panied by sumpter horses or mules, bearing
such articles as may be necessary to the com-
fort of the travellers.

"JOHN."

BY M. ARLEY.

I stand beside his elbow-chair,
My hands rest softly on his hair—
Hair whose silver is dearer to me
Than all the gold of earth could be—
And my eyes of beaver
Look tenderly down
On John, my John.

The firelight leaps, and laughs, and warms—
Wraps us both in its ruddy arms—
John, as he sits in the hearth-glow red,
Me, with my hands on his dear old head—
Encircling us both,
Like a ring of truth,
Me and my John.

His form has lost its early grace,
Wrinkles rest on his kindly face,
His brow no longer is smooth and fair,
For Time has left his autograph there;
But a noble prize,
In my loving eyes,
Is John, my John.

"My love," he says, and lifts his hands,
Browned by the sun of other lands,
In tender clasp on my own to lay,
"How long ago was our wedding-day?"
I smile through my tears,
And say, "Years and years,
John, dear John."

We say no more, the firelight glows,
Both of us mute—on what?—who knows?
My hands drop down in a mute caress,
Each throbbing of my heart is a wish to bless
With my life's best worth
The heart and the hearth
Of John, my John.

A little girl had seen her brother play-
ing with his burning glass, and heard him talk
about the "focus." Consulting the dictionary,
she found that the focus was the place where the
rays met. At dinner she announced that she
knew the meaning of one hard word. Her
father asked her what it was, and she said it
was the word "focus," and that it meant a
"place where they raised calves." This, of
course, raised a great laugh, but she produced
her dictionary proof. "There," she said, tri-
umphantly, "focus, a place where the rays
meet. Calves are meat, and if they raise meat,
they raise calves, and so I am right, aren't I,
father?"

hly removed to the box. A short, thick man stepped from the coach and entered the box. In a minute or two the observer, who stood at a safe distance watching the proceedings, heard a shuffling noise in the entry, and saw the stout little man reappear and remove himself to a safe place, with a glance

April 1, 1884.]

vallet the sick man, whose yellow face rested against his own; his long, damp, tangled hair mingled with Girard's; his feet dragging helplessly upon the pavement. Thus he drew him to the carriage door, the driver assisting his face from the spectacle, far from offering to assist. Partly dragging, partly lifting, he ascended, after long and painful exertion, his body into the vehicle. He then entered it himself, closed the door, and the carriage drove away towards the hospital. "A man who can do such things at such a time may commit errors and cherish erroneous opinions, but the essence of that which makes the difference between a good man and a bad man must dwell within him."

VI.

HOW HE GOT RICH.

It is not by nursing the sick, however, that men acquire colossal fortunes. We return, therefore, to the business career of this extraordinary man. Girard, in the ancient and honorable occupation of the term was a merchant; a man who sent his own ships to foreign countries, and exchanged their products for those of his own. Beginning in the West India trade, with one small schooner built with difficulty and managed with caution, he expanded his business as his capital increased, until he was the owner of a fleet of merchantmen, and brought home to Philadelphia the products of every clime. Beginning with single voyages, his vessels merely sailing to a foreign port and back again, he was accustomed at length to project great mercantile cruises, extending over long periods of time, and embracing many ports. A ship loaded with cotton and grain would sail, for example, to Bordeaux, there discharge, and take in a cargo of wine and fruit; thence to St. Petersburg, where she would exchange her wine and fruit for hemp and iron; then to Amsterdam, where the hemp and iron would be sold for dollars; to Calcutta next for a cargo of tea and silk, with which the ship would return to Philadelphia. Such were the voyages so often successfully made by the "Voltaire," the "Romana," the "Hibernia," and the "Montesquieu," ships long the pride of Girard and the boast of Philadelphia, their names being the tribute paid by the merchant to the literature of his native land. He seldom failed to make very large profits. He rarely, if ever, lost a ship.

Legitimate commerce makes many men rich; but in Girard's day no man gained by it ten millions of dollars. It was the war of 1813, which suspended commerce, that made this merchant so enormously rich. In 1811, the charter of the old United States Bank expired; and the casting vote of Vice-President George Clinton negated the bill for rechartering. When war was imminent, Girard had a million of dollars in the bank of Baring Brothers in London. This large sum, useless then for purposes of commerce—in 1812, too, from the disturbed condition of English finance—he invested in United States stock and in the stock of the United States Bank, both being depreciated in England. Being thus a large holder of the stock of the bank, the charter having expired, and its affairs being in liquidation, he bought out the entire concern; and, merely changing the name to Girard's bank, continued it in being as a private institution, in the same building, with the same cashier and clerks, the same bank-notes, the same cashier and clerks. The banking-house and the house of the cashier, which cost \$250,000, he bought for \$180,000. The stock, which he bought at four hundred and twenty, proved to be worth, on the winding up of the old bank, four hundred and thirty-four. Thus, by this operation, he extricated his property in England, invested it wisely in America, established a new business in place of one that could no longer be carried on, and saved the mercantile community from a considerable part of the loss and embarrassment which the total annihilation of the bank would have occasioned.

From the close of the war to the end of his life, a period of sixteen years, Girard pursued the even tenor of his way, as keen and steady in the pursuit of wealth, and as careful in preserving it, as though his fortune were still insecure. Why was this? We should answer the question thus:—Because his defective education left him no other resource. We frequently hear the "success" of such men as Astor and Girard adduced as evidence of the uselessness of early education. On the contrary, it is precisely such men who prove its necessity; since, when they have conquered fortune, they know not how to avail themselves of its advantages. When Franklin had, at the age of forty-two, won a moderate competence, he could turn from business to science, and from science to the noblest art. Strong-minded but unlettered men, like Girard, who cannot be idle, must needs plod on to the end, adding superfluous millions to their estates. In Girard's case, too, there was another cause of this entire devotion to business. His domestic sorrows had estranged him from mankind, and driven him into himself.

VII.

HOW HE MADE HIS CELEBRATED WILL.

After the peace of 1815, Girard began to consider what he should do with his millions after death. He was then sixty-five, but he expected and meant to live to a good age. "The Russians," he would say, when he was mixing his olive oil with a Russian salad, "understand how to eat and drink, and I am going to see how long, by following their customs, I can live." He kept an excellent table, but he became abstemious as he grew older, and lived chiefly on his salad and his good cellar. Enjoying perfect health, it was not until about the year 1828, when he was seventy-eight years of age, that he entered upon the serious consideration of a plan for the final disposal of his immense estate. Upon one point his mind had long been made up. "No man," said he, "shall be a gentleman on my money." He often said that, even if he had had a son, he should have been brought up to labor, and should not, by a great legacy, be exempted from the necessity of labor. "If I should leave him twenty thousand dollars," he said, "he would be lazy or turn gambler." Very likely. The son of a man like Girard, who was virtuous without being able to make virtue engaging, whose mind was strong, but rigid and ill-furnished, commanding but unconstructive, is likely to have a barren mind and rampant desires, the twin causes of debauchery. His decided inclination was to leave the bulk of his property for the endowment of an institution of some kind for the benefit of Philadelphia. The only question was, what kind of institution it should be.

William J. Duane was his legal adviser; that honest and intrepid William J. Duane, who, a few years later, stood firmly his ground on the question of the removal of the deposits against

the infatuated Jackson, the Kitchen Cabinet, and the Democratic party. Girard told all the words of this honorable and able lawyer. With him alone he conversed upon the projected institution; and Mr. Duane, without revealing his purpose, made inquiries among his travelled friends respecting the endowment of foreign countries. For several months before settling down to prepare the will, they never met without conversing upon this topic, which was also the chief subject of discourse between them on Sunday afternoons, when Mr. Duane invariably dined at Mr. Girard's country-house. A home for the education of orphans was at length decided upon, and then the will was drawn. For three weeks the lawyer and his client were closeted, toiling at the multifarious details of that curious document.

The minor bequests were speedily arranged, though they were numerous and well considered. He left to the Pennsylvania Hospital thirty thousand dollars; to the Dumb and Deaf Asylum, twenty thousand; to the Orphan Asylum, ten thousand; to the Lancaster Public Schools, the same sum; the same for providing fuel for the poor in Philadelphia; the same to the Society for the Relief of Distressed Sea Captains and their Families; to the Freeholders of Pennsylvania, for the relief of poor members, twenty thousand; six thousand for the establishment of a free school in Passyunk, near Philadelphia; to his surviving brother, and to his eleven nieces, he left sums varying from five thousand dollars to twenty thousand; but to one of his nieces, who had a very large family, he left sixty thousand dollars. To each of the nieces who had made two voyages in his service, and who should bring in his ship safely into port, he gave fifteen hundred dollars; and to each of his apprentices five hundred. To his old servants he left annuities of three hundred and five hundred dollars each. A portion of his valuable estates in Louisiana he bequeathed to the corporation of New Orleans, for the improvement of that city. Half a million he left for certain improvements in the city of Philadelphia; and to Pennsylvania, three hundred thousand dollars for her canal. The whole of the residue of his property, worth then about six millions of dollars, he devoted to the construction and endowment of a College for Orphans.

In February, 1830, the will was executed, and deposited in Mr. Girard's iron safe. None but the two men who had drawn the will, and the three men who witnessed the signing of it, were aware of its existence; and none but Girard and Mr. Duane had the least knowledge of its contents. There never was such a keeper of his own secrets as Girard, and never a more faithful keeper of other men's secrets than Mr. Duane. And here we have another illustration of the old man's character. He had just signed a will of unexampled liberality to the public; and the sum which he gave the able and devoted lawyer for his three weeks' labor in drawing it was three hundred dollars!

Girard lived nearly two years longer, always devoted to business, and still investing his gains with care. An accident in the street gave a shock to his constitution from which he never fully recovered; and in December, 1831, when he was nearly eighty-two years of age, an attack of influenza terminated his life. True to his principles, he refused to be cupped, or to take drugs into his system, though both were prescribed by a physician whom he respected.

VIII.

A DRAMATIC SCENE ABOUT HIS WILL.

Death having dissolved the powerful spell of a presence which few men had been able to resist, it was to be seen how far his will would be obeyed, now that he was no longer able personally to enforce it. The old man lay dead in his house in Water street. While the public out of doors were curious enough to learn what he had done with his money, there was a smaller number within the house, the kindred of the deceased, in whom this curiosity raged like a mania. They invaded the cellars of the house, and, bringing up bottles of the old man's choice wine, kept up a continual carousal. Surrounding Mr. Duane, who had been present at Mr. Girard's death and remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To silence their indecent clamor, he told them there was, and that he was one of the executors. On hearing this, their desire to learn its contents rose to fury. In vain the executors reminded them that decency required that the will should not be opened till after the funeral. They even threatened legal proceedings if the will were not immediately produced; and at length, to avoid a public scandal, the executors consented to have it read. These affectionate relatives being assembled in a parlor of the house in which the body of their benefactor lay, the will was taken from the iron safe by one of the executors.

When he had opened it, and was about to begin to read, he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company seated before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curiosity, the frenzy of expectation, expressed in that group of pallid faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apartment the conscious possessor of millions, for no one had dreamed of the probability of his leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his saying that no one should be gentleman upon his money, they had forgotten or disbelieved it. The opening paragraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequests to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentlemen present such trifling sums as five thousand dollars, ten thousand, twenty thousand; and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the benefit of great cities and poor children. Some of them made not the least attempt to conceal their disappointment and disgust. "We were there who had married with a view to share the wealth of Girard," said one, "and had been waiting years for his death. Women were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of life. The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a scene which we might think discolored human nature, if we could believe that human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain. It had been better, perhaps, if the rich man, in his own lifetime, had made his kindred partakers of his superabundance, especially as he had, nothing else that he could share with them. They attempted, on grounds that seem utterly frivolous, to break the will, and employed the most eminent counsel to conduct their carousal, but without effect. They did, however, succeed in getting the property acquired after the execution of the will; which Girard, according to the opinion of Mr. Duane, attempted to do by a power of attorney in the will. "It will not stand," said the lawyer. "Yes it

will," said Girard. Mr. Duane, knowing his own will, and the course he had then taken, did not think his opinion was correct.

IX.

THE GIRARD COLLEGE.

Thirty-three years have passed since the City of Philadelphia entered upon the possession of the enormous and growing estate with which Mr. Girard endowed it. It is a question of general interest how the trust has been administered. No citizen of Philadelphia needs to be told that, in some particulars, the government of this city has shown itself unworthy to be the guardian of the will of Girard than his nephews and nieces did. If he were to visit the banks of the Schuylkill, would he recognize in the splendid Grecian temples that stand in the center of the College grounds, the home for poor orphans, devoid of needless ornaments, which he decreed should be built there? It is singular that the very ornaments which Girard particularly disliked are those which have been employed in the erection of this temple; namely, pilasters. He had such an aversion to pilasters that he had at one time meditated taking down those which supported the portico of his bank. Behind his College surrounded with thirty-four Corinthian columns, six feet in diameter and fifty-nine in height, of marble, with capitals elaborately carved, each pillar having cost \$12,000, and the whole colonnade \$440,000! And this is the home of poor little boys, who will leave the gorgeous scene to labor in shops, and to live in such apartments as are usually assigned to apprentices!

LIST OF THE UNION DEAD IN SALISBURY.

December, 1864; January and February, 1865.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

of March 25th contains another appalling list of the dead Union Prisoners, comprising those who died in the hospitals from the 1st of January, the day upon which THE TRIBUNE's correspondents escaped, until all the prisoners of war were removed to Richmond and Wilmington for exchange. There were many unable to obtain admission into the crowded hospitals, and hence their last in their own quarters, and of whom no memoranda whatever was kept. They go to swell the list of the uncounted and unrecorded dead who have cheerfully given up their lives for our country's sake, and whose memories the Republic will ever delight to honor.

The exchanged prisoners who kept and brought through this record, state that THE TRIBUNE's Watchman is announcing the escape of THE TRIBUNE's correspondents, pronounced the occurrence very mortifying, inasmuch as they were the most important prisoners in the garret; but asserted that they were certain to be brought back within a week, as scouts had been sent out for them and the country alarmed in every direction. As the correspondents had quietly in sight of the prison walls the morning of their escape, and had all the time behind them, it was hardly strange that their fanciful pursuers could obtain no satisfactory information concerning them!

The report which reached the prison before the news of their safe arrival in Knoxville, stated very circumstantially that Messrs. Richardson, Browne and Davis had been seen going through the Southern lines, and had been seen by a member of the Home Guard, who noticed that one of their companions was dressed in Rebel uniform; but who must have been misled by more than one perception if he saw any arms in the whole party.

Price, in wrappers, ready for mailing, 5 cents.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

is printed on a large double-medium sheet, making eight pages of six columns each, and containing the latest news of the world, including a New York Summary, Domestic and Foreign; Legislative and Congressional matters; War News; Stock, Financial, Cotton, Horse, Dry Goods and General Market Reports; Report of the American Institute, Farmers' Club, &c.

TERMS.
Mail subscribers, single copy, 1 year, 50 cents; 6 months, 25 cents; 3 months, 15 cents.
Persons remitting \$10, for 10 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$25, for 25 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50, for 50 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100, for 100 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200, for 200 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500, for 500 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000, for 1000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000, for 2000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000, for 5000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000, for 10000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000, for 20000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000, for 50000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000, for 100000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000, for 200000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000, for 500000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000, for 1000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000, for 2000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000, for 5000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000, for 10000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000, for 20000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000, for 50000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000, for 100000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000, for 200000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000, for 500000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000, for 1000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000, for 2000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000, for 5000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000, for 10000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000, for 20000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000, for 50000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000, for 100000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000, for 200000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000, for 500000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000, for 1000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000, for 2000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000, for 5000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000, for 10000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000, for 20000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000, for 50000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000, for 100000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000, for 200000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000, for 500000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000, for 1000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000, for 2000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000, for 5000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000000, for 10000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000000, for 20000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000000, for 50000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000000, for 100000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000000, for 200000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000000, for 500000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000000, for 1000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000000, for 2000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000000, for 5000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000000000, for 10000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000000000, for 20000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000000000, for 50000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000000000, for 100000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000000000, for 200000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000000000, for 500000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000000000, for 1000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000000000, for 2000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000000000, for 5000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000000000000, for 10000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000000000000, for 20000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000000000000, for 50000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000000000000, for 100000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000000000000, for 200000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000000000000, for 500000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000000000000, for 1000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000000000000, for 2000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000000000000, for 5000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000000000000000, for 10000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000000000000000, for 20000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000000000000000, for 50000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000000000000000, for 100000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000000000000000, for 200000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000000000000000, for 500000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000000000000000, for 1000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000000000000000, for 2000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000000000000000, for 5000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000000000000000000, for 10000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000000000000000000, for 20000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000000000000000000, for 50000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000000000000000000, for 100000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000000000000000000, for 200000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000000000000000000, for 500000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000000000000000000, for 1000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000000000000000000, for 2000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000000000000000000, for 5000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000000000000000000000, for 10000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000000000000000000000, for 20000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000000000000000000000, for 50000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000000000000000000000, for 100000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000000000000000000000, for 200000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000000000000000000000, for 500000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000000000000000000000, for 1000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000000000000000000000, for 2000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000000000000000000000, for 5000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000000000000000000000000, for 10000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000000000000000000000000, for 20000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000000000000000000000000, for 50000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000000000000000000000000, for 100000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000000000000000000000000, for 200000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000000000000000000000000, for 500000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 1000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 2000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 5000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$10000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 10000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$20000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 20000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$50000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 50000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 100000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 200000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 500000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$1000000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 1000000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$2000000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 2000000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$5000000000000000000000000000000000000000, for 5000000000000000000000000000000000000000 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$100, for 100 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$200, for 200 copies, will receive one copy extra, gratis.
Persons remitting \$500, for 50

WIT AND HUMOR.

Presentation of a Foreign Minister.

A Washington correspondent relates the following of Old Hickory:—Mr. McKim, the foreign minister, is called to mind on an occasion of Gen. Jackson and the Portuguese Charge d'Affaires, which latter, Mr. McKim, used to tell with great effect. When Mr. McKim was Secretary of State, a new minister arrived from Lisbon, and a day was appointed for him to be presented to President Jackson. The hour was set, and the Secretary expected the minister to call at the State Department for him; but Mr. McKim's French was rather difficult of comprehension, and the Portuguese minister, who was to be presented to the White House alone. He rang the bell, and Jimmy O'Neil, Martin's predecessor, came to the door.

"Je suis venu voir, Monsieur le President," said the minister.

"What the mischief does that mean?" muttered Jimmy. "He says President, though, and I s'pose he wants to see the general."

"Out, out," said the Portuguese, frowning. So Jimmy ushered him into the great room, where the general was smoking his corn-cob pipe with great composure. The minister made his bow to the President, and addressed him in French, of which the general did not understand a word.

"What does the fellow say, Jimmy?"

"I don't know—I reckon he's a foreigner."

"Try him in Irish, Jimmy," said Old Hickory. Jimmy gave him a touch of the genuine Irish, but the minister only shrugged his shoulders, with the same usual "plait."

"Och," said Jimmy, "he can't go the Irish, sir—he's French, by St. Patrick."

"Then send for the French cook, and let him try if he can find out what the gentleman wants."

The cook was hurried from the kitchen—desperately rolled up, apron on, and carrying a knife in hand. The minister, seeing this formidable apparition, and doubting that he was in the presence of the head of the nation, feared some treachery, and made for the door, before which Jimmy placed himself, to keep him in. When the cook, by the general's order, asked him who he was, and what he wanted, he gave a very subdued answer, to the astonishment of the cook, the President, and Jimmy, who now discovered for the first time the character of the stranger.

In this stage of the business, Mr. McKim came in, and the minister was presented in form. But the matter could not be alluded to in Old Hickory's presence, without putting him in a passion.

Hounding Off a Lawyer.

Rufus Choate, in an important marine assault-and-battery case, had Dick Barton, chief mate of the clipper-ship *Challenge*, on the stand, and begged him for about an hour, that at last Dick got his salt water up, and hauled by the wind to bring the team Boston lawyer under his batteries.

At the beginning of his testimony, Dick had said that the night was "dark as the devil, and raining like seven bells."

Suddenly Mr. Choate asked him—

"Was there a moon that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes! A moon?"

"Yes, a full moon."

"Did you see it?"

"Not a bit."

"Then how do you know there was a moon?"

"Nautical almanac said so, and I'll believe that sooner'n any lawyer'n this world."

"What was the principal luminary that night, sir?"

"Blessed lamp aboard the *Challenge*."

"Ah, you are growing sharp, Mr. Barton."

"What in blazes have you been grinding me this hour for—to make me dull?"

"Be civil, sir. And now tell me what latitude and longitude you crossed the Equator in?"

"She! You're joking."

"No, sir! I am in earnest, and I desire you to answer me."

"I shan't."

"Ah, you refuse, do you?"

"Yes—I can't."

"Indeed! You are chief mate of a clipper-ship, and unable to answer so simple a question?"

"Yes, 'tis the simplest question I ever had asked me. Why, I thought every fool of a lawyer knew there ain't no latitude on the Equator."

That shot scored Rufus Choate.

Aim at Something.

Arthur Gilman, in one of his public addresses, tells what he calls "an Andover story." One day, he says, a man went into a store there, and began telling about a fire. "There had never been such a fire," he said, "in the county of Essex. A man going by Deacon Poringill's barn saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding somehow or other got into the shingles, set the hay on fire, and it was all destroyed—ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the county." &c. The deacon was nearly crazed by it. The man in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. "What a loss!" says one. "Why, the deacon will well nigh break down under it," says another. And so they went on, speculating one after another, and the conversation drifted on in all sorts of conjectures. At last a quiet man, who sat sitting in the fire, looked up and asked: "Did he hit the owl?" That man was for getting at the point of the thing. Let all public speakers, in the pulpit and elsewhere, heed the moral. Did you aim at something, and did you hit what you aimed at? No matter about the splurge, and the smoke, and the hay—did you hit that owl?

Some Deacons.—A devotee of Banchus stepped out of a hotel at Kilmara the other evening, and his perspective foolishness not being particularly distinct, tumbled unawares into the canal. After paddling around about half an hour, he succeeded in getting out and obtaining assistance into the house. Shaking his hat by the stove, he exclaimed: "I say (his) sister, this may be a darn good tavern, (his) but I think your house (his) has got a lot to be larger than this it can well afford."

Friendship.—Josh Billings says of friends: "I get mine and manage to keep them by not getting them. The anything but advice, you can't get anything of a man that he loves to give you, and once his love, then advice."



DELIGHTFUL IGNORANCE.

CLARA.—"Cousin Charles, what do they mean in this notice of the Inauguration Ball, by 'Jumps of Delight'?"

CHARLES.—"Such darlings as yourself, Cousin Clara."

FREAK OF A MANIAC.

A Changing of Babies.

On Monday evening two gentlemen, whom we will call Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith, arrived per steamer from Evansville. Each was accompanied by his wife and a little child. The offspring of Mr. Jones was a bright boy of one year, and that of Mr. Smith a beautiful girl aged about fourteen months. As the parties were going north on the 2 o'clock train they concluded to remain in the depot rather than involve the expense of rooms and lodging at the hotel, and consequently took their chances in the common room in the passenger house. As was natural, after a short time the two children fell asleep, and were comfortably stowed away upon beds hastily improvised from shawls and blankets in different sections of the apartment, where they rested soundly after their hard day's journey. After the children had been cared for, Mr. Jones proposed to Mr. Smith that they in company with their respective wives, should go out and get some supper, but to this the ladies objected on account of the children. Just then an elderly lady who had also come down upon the boat stepped forward and kindly volunteered to mind the little ones during the parents' absence, which offer, after a little debate, was accepted, and the gentlemen and ladies started off.

No sooner had the fond parents left the room, however, than the strange lady, who proved to be a maniac, conceived and executed a plan to give each family trouble. Divesting each of the children of its outer garments, she put that of one upon the other, and then, changing their localities, awaited the return of the parents. They came back at length; then each one of the fond mothers took charge of the offspring of the other, remaining in blissful ignorance of the real state of affairs until the next morning. Mr. Jones bought tickets for Anna, and Mr. Smith did the same for St. Louis. Mr. Smith took a sleeping car, but Mr. Jones did not. On arriving at Anna, Mrs. Jones discovered that her boy had been stolen, and that his place had been substituted by a child of the opposite sex, and immediately a hullabaloo was raised. Mrs. Jones went into hysterics, and Jones rushed frantically to the telegraph office for help, and his wife arrested at Centralia for kidnapping, which order was obeyed upon the arrival of the train.

The next train that passed Anna took Jones on board, who was intent only upon recovering Jones, Jr. We will not attempt to describe his feelings en route—that must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is quite enough to say that in due time the train arrived, and in the sitting-room of the hotel the infuriated Jones encountered the infuriated Smith, and a scene ensued which baffles description. Jones accused Smith of attempting to steal his son, Smith upbraided Jones with endeavoring to play a trick upon him. Meantime the gentle Mrs. Smith, with Mrs. Jones's baby in her arms, sought to quell the angry storm of words that was waged between them. Each of the gentlemen was the other's accuser, and each fully believed the other to be a double-dealer. Jones clutched eagerly at his son, and Smith as resolutely refused to allow him to touch it until his own precious daughter was restored to his parental arms. Then from words the gentlemen came to blows, when the bystanders interfered and the belligerents were separated.

Jones was hustled off to the other end of the building, and Smith remained with his wife and Jones's baby, and it was impossible to get from either, in their excited state of mind, anything like a satisfactory explanation of the cause of the contest.

How the matter would have terminated it is impossible to tell, had not a soldier who happened to be present, and who also had seen the changing of apparel by the mad woman in the Cairo depot, revealed what he knew of the cause, which revelation happily led to a satisfactory explanation between the gentlemen, and the next southern-bound train took them and the junior Jones back to Anna, where his juvenile habits were exchanged, where Smith recovered his daughter, where all laughed over the affair, and where Jones and Smith, leaving the two hopefuls in the care of good Mrs. Jones, spent the time until the train came along in sampling the stimulants of the good town of Anna.

MORAL.—Never leave your children in the care of a stranger.

Tip.—The oldest maniac on record.—There was a man.

Louis Napoleon's Portrait of Caesar.

To these natural gifts, developed by a brilliant education, were joined physical advantages. His lofty stature, and his finely modeled and well proportioned limbs, imparted to his person a grace which distinguished him from all others. His eyes were dark, his glance penetrating, his complexion colorless, and his nose straight and somewhat thick. His mouth was small and regular, and his lips, rather full, gave to the lower part of his face an expression of kindliness, while his breadth of forehead indicated the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least in his youth; but in the busts that were made toward the close of his life, his features are thinner, and bear the traces of fatigue.

His voice was sonorous and vibrating; his gestures noble, and an air of dignity pervaded his whole person. His constitution, which at first was delicate, grew robust by sober living and by his habit of exposing himself to the inclemency of the seasons. Accustomed from his youth to manual exercise, he was a bold horseman; and he supported with ease privations and fatigues. Habitually abstemious, his health was not weakened by excess of labor, nor by excess of pleasure. Nevertheless, on two occasions, once at Orléans and then at Thapsus, he had a nervous attack, which was erroneously thought to be epilepsy. He paid particular attention to his person, shaved with care, and had the hair plucked out; he brought forward artistically the hair to the front of his head, and this in his more advanced age served to conceal his baldness.

He was reproached with the affectation of scratching his head with only one finger for fear of deranging his hair. His dress was arranged with exquisite taste. His gown was generally bordered with the liletine, ornamented with fringes to the hands, and was bound round the loins by a sash loosely knotted—a fashion which distinguished the elegant and effeminate youth of the period. But Napoleon was not deceived by this show of frivolity, and he was wont to recommend that people should have an eye on that young man with the flowing hair. He had a taste for pictures, statues and gems; and he always wore on his finger, in memory of his origin, a ring on which was engraved the figure of an armed Venus.

To sum up, there were found in Caesar, physically and morally, two natures which are rarely combined in the same person. He joined aristocratic fastidiousness of person to the vigorous temperament of the soldier; the grace of mind to the profundity of thought; the love of luxury and of the arts to a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness. In a word, he joined the elegance of manner which seduces to the energy of character which commands. Such was Caesar at the age of eighteen, when Napoleon possessed himself of the Dictatorship. He had already attracted the attention of the Romans, by his name, his wit, his engaging manners, which were so pleasing to men, and still more so, perhaps, to women.

DEFENCE OF THE GOOSE.—It is a great libel to accuse a goose of being a silly bird. Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night-time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with a strong organ of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, hen, or pig; but I defy you to drive over a tame goose. As for wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their senses of hearing, seeing, and smelling, are all extremely acute; independently of which, they appear to act in an organized and cautious manner when feeding or roosting, as to defy all danger.—*Sportsman.*

MATRIMONIAL.—"See, my love, here is the first garment made for you by your downy downy wife's fairy fingers. It ought to seem to you different from all other shirts in the world." "So it does, my dear, indeed!" (Aside.) "The beam between us is at irregular distances, and button over the wrong way; and the collar and wristbands are just the same size."—*Proverbial Chorus.*

THE LONDON ATHLETIC.—The London Athletic says that "Ladies' heroes may be ranged in two principal divisions, gloomy mesmerizers, who compel pretty women to marry them by the power of the eye, and irreclaimable brutes, with whom all the fair sex fall in love from their own delighted instinct."

AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Items.

It is stated that the late Mr. Goodrich, of Western New York, was engaged for fifteen years in his experiments with the potato, during which time he produced, mostly from the wild potato of South America, 15,000 different varieties, among which are the Garnet Chili, as present the most popular variety, the Conco, Pink-eyed Rustcoat, Coppermine, &c.

"Iron Dish Closets" are used in Switzerland, and a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, who had learned their use from a Swiss, found some in New York among old iron, which he distributed among his friends in Balston Spa, N. Y. They are made of rings of iron wire, No. 15, are about six inches square, with fifteen rings on one side. They are used for securing kettles, inside and out, &c.

Mr. Ira F. Prossy, of Keene, N. H., makes the following statement, in the *Cultivator*, as to the food and gain of a pig for eleven days. Five hours after feeding, the pig weighed 49 lbs. A meal was then prepared by cooking and mashing together 87 lbs. 4 oz. of potatoes, some weight of purple flat turnips, and 8 lbs. of meal, half corn, half buckwheat, which was fed all he would eat, three times a day. At the end of eleven days, the meal being all gone, the pig was again weighed, five hours after feeding, and had gained 9 lbs. in eleven days.

Rev. Dr. Williams, missionary to China, writes that the Chinese do not grow the cane to make sugar or syrup. They use the leaves for fodder, the stalks for fuel, and the seeds for meal or distillation, but fuel is too scarce and expensive to admit of boiling the juice profitably.

The correspondents of some of the agricultural papers are discussing the effect of powdered lime applied to mows of hay, especially in cases where the hay is so moist as to be liable to suffer from mouldiness, but without being able thus far to arrive at any well settled conclusion upon the subject.

The chemists say that there is more water in a pound of lean than in a pound of fat meat; and that the process of fattening consists, to a great extent, in the replacing of water by fat in the animal tissues.

The *Mark Lane Express* says the price of wheat, during the past year or two, has been lower in London than on any previous occasion in the present century, with two exceptions. The highest weekly average for 1864 was \$1.23, and the lowest \$1.13 per bushel.

A correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer* gives a careful account of the expense of raising an acre of corn fodder, which was kept into February, and consequently thoroughly dried, when he "considered it as costing about \$16 per ton, estimated in bulk as hay."

Galvanized iron telegraph wire is recommended for clothes lines, because "it never rusts, never needs to be taken in, never breaks down," &c. In Minnesota, as far north as 44 deg., sorghum is so generally grown that "some of the stores keep no other molasses for sale."

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* has received strawberry plants by mail several times, but in no case has he succeeded in making them grow.

The report of the Secretary of War states that five hundred horses a day is the average wear and tear of the Federal service. There is no doubt that the war has seriously diminished the stock of horses in this country, and thus produced the high prices which now prevail. The number of horses in the loyal states at present is supposed to be 1,000,000 less than in 1861, when it was 4,199,141. The consumption of horseflesh in the army is literally immense, one animal being employed for every two men.

Calvin Canfield, of Livingston Co., Mich., writes the *Aural* that he has no such thing about him as lice on cattle, horses, hogs, hens, geese, neither ticks on sheep. His remedy is sulphur. To an ox, or cow, or hen, he gives a tablespoonful in their feed; to sheep less. He puts it in the coops of the fowls in small lumps. Feeds it once a month in winter, but not in summer, except to hogs. He gives his humped cattle and horses a spoonful of pulverized saltpetre in the month of March or April, and again, without fail, when he turns them out to grass. He also feeds his cattle and horses about a pint of flaxseed each once a month in winter.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

YEAST, HOME MADE.—Boil in two quarts of water, a handful of hops. Pare your potatoes, and boil in the same. When the latter are done, take out and mash well, mixing a tablespoonful of flour, (and salt if wished.) Strain the hop water, and pour over the whole, stirring the while. When nearly cool, add a cup of lively yeast, then place the jug near the stove for a couple of hours, when it will have risen sufficiently to carry down cellar or into the store closet. With this has proved a never failing recipe.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

TO DESTROY ANTS.—The following suggestions are offered for the destruction of these pests:—The farmer is often annoyed by their depredations on his strawberry beds and garden patches. Sprinkling the bed thoroughly with loose dry salt will kill them. Kerosene oil will prove a perfect preventive to their encroachments on the domestic. The salt will prove an advantage rather than a detriment to the ground, while the kerosene, with the exception of its offensive scent, is perfectly harmless.

MACCARONI.—One pound of blanched sweet almonds, and a handful of bitter; pound them in a glass mortar with rose-water, to prevent their oiling; beat to a stiff froth the whites of four eggs, stir into them one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, and then mix in gradually the almonds; drop them on buttered paper, lift over them some sugar, and bake quickly without browning; leave them on the paper until cold.

TO PREPARE STRENGTH FOR CANDLES.—Confessionners purify the purest sugar. Dissolve two pounds of loaf-sugar in a pint of cold water, add the white of an egg, and beat the mixture well; when it boils up take it from the fire, and remove the scum; put it again on the fire, and when it boils up, throw in a little cold water; again take it off, and remove the scum; continue this until no scum rises; it will take but a few drops of water each time.

SWEETENING OF SYRUPS.—It is ascertained by experiments, that two pounds of sugar to a pint of water, is the proper strength of syrups; to prevent their working or candying. Of course the juice of fruit is to be taken into account in this rule; juicy fruit would need no water.

In view of the number of women there, the *Detroit Tribune* exclaims: "What a splendid field for disappointed wooers."

THE RIBBLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, was a noble Indian chief.
My 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, was an ancient oracle.
My 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, are very plentiful in cities.
My 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is the name of a College in New England.
My 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, is a modern building.
My 14, 15, 16, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, is a gentleman's name.
My 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is a near relative.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, are taking advantage of the thimble.
My 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is the hot-bed of treason.
My 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is a river between England and Scotland.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is the traveller's home.
My 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, was an eminent English poet.
My 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is a town in Texas.
My 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is a woman's name.
My 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is a great tyrant.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is a city surrounded by water.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is no longer out.
My 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, is a lake in New York.
My 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, is a birth in Scotland.
My 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, is a river in England.
My whole is an extract from Burns.
West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first belongs to change and shine,
Ever with varied play,
Keeps steps with progress, and is hailed
Where fashion yields her sway.
My second rules the world a space,
And then its mission done,
Is folded down for history,
As Time moves swiftly on.
My whole with impress fresh and clear,
Now enters on our ways,
To blend with sorrow, care, or joy,
Along life's tangled maze.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a kind of meat.
My second is yourself.
My third is a kind of wood.
My whole is an animal.
Kankul, Iowa. YATES.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are three whole numbers: If we multiply the first and second of the numbers together, and divide by the third, the result will be the square of another whole number. If we multiply the first and third numbers together, and divide by the second number, the result will also be the square of another whole number. And if we multiply the second and third numbers together, and divide by the first number, the result will also be the square of another whole number, which is again 3 more than by the second of these three different operations. What are those 3 numbers bringing such results, and what are those 3 numbers, (each successive one 3 higher than the preceding one,) whose squares are thus obtained by the results of the other?

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A body is projected vertically upward with a velocity of 1,000 feet per second. Required—the time that it will be 3,000 feet high.

GILL BATES.
Walnut Grove, Vinco Co., Illinois.

☞ An answer is requested.